

CHAPTER XXV

CONCLUSION

DAVE came to a dead halt with a shock. In deep distress and suspense he watched the diving monoplane. On every expert calculation, machine and operator were doomed.

Dave expected every moment to see the operator thrown out of the seat. He could not conceive what was passing in the mind of the operator. The machine did not seem to be crippled. Dave doubted if the most daring airman would risk that dangerous glide unless compelled to do so.

"Oh, that's good—grand!" fairly shouted Dave, as, one hundred feet from the ground, the monoplane slowed, described two mammoth circles, and then resuming the descent, reached the earth, rolled almost fifty feet, and came to a safe halt.

Dave started on a dead run for the spot. Others from all directions preceded him. By the time he reached the place where the monoplane

CONCLUSION

had landed, it was surrounded ten deep by crowding excited people.

"Is he dead?" Dave heard one ask.

"No, only hurt."

"Why," said Dave to himself in a startled way, "it's Mr. Worthington."

Dave had been able to peer through the crowd. He made out the monoplane, safe and trim, at rest. Some men were lifting the operator out of it. Dave recognized him as one of the professional aviators of the meet.

"Here, young fellow, don't crowd so," remonstrated a gaping spectator, as Dave tried to press through the throng.

"I know that man," explained Dave. "Please let me get to him."

Dave cleared the crowd and hurried over to where they had placed Mr. Worthington on the grass. The latter looked white and exhausted. He held a handkerchief to his lips, and Dave noticed that it was red stained.

"Oh, Mr. Worthington," spoke Dave, kneeling at the side of the prostrate man. "Don't you know me?"

"Why, Dashaway!" replied the aviator, trying to smile. "You here?"

"Are you injured?"

"Hemorrhage, Doctor told me my lungs couldn't stand the upper currents. Too strong

for me. Fainted away. Caught myself just in time."

"Get a doctor," spoke Dave to the men.

"No, no," demurred Worthington. "I'm all right now. No more air sailing for me for a time, though, I fancy. Say, Dashaway!"

In a spurt of excitement Worthington sat up, and his eyes glowed as he fixed his glance on Dave.

"I was in the lead," he resumed.

"I saw you was."

"Why can't you——"

"Continue the race?" supplemented Dave.

"Yes."

"Shall I?"

"Don't lose a moment. She's the best and fastest machine in the race. She's done 460 miles in 8: 17: 30. There's 18 gallons of gasoline aboard and five of lubricating oil."

"I know all about it—the route marked out, too," said Dave.

"Then win the day!"

"I'll try."

"Give him a start," cried the enthused aviator to the men about him; and in thirty seconds the racing monoplane was once again driving for the sky.

All that Worthington had said about the monoplane the machine certainly deserved. Dave had never handled so capable a flyer. It was

equipped with a marine compass for cross country work, and the acetylene lights for night flying.

"Grass cutting to the heart's content in this beauty!" cried Dave.

He was all on his mettle, the way things had turned out, and made a superb start. The machine was in splendid trim. Dave took one good look ahead, behind and sideways, and then devoted all his attention to the business of the hour.

He had studied out the route the day previous. As on the hill at Clyde, each town on the course had a white flag hoisted at the highest point in town, with the monogram in black of the national aero club.

It was about thirty-five miles to the turning point, fifty more back. As Dave started the return dash, he passed his rivals straggling along, the nearest one five miles from the first goal.

Once on the return trip, Dave dropped to the ground, on a level meadow where a gaping farmer and his four employees stood fascinated at his graceful descent. The engine was not working at it's best speed. Dave gave it a brief rest, impressed the farm hands into service, and started up the engine by swinging the propellor. This operation required more caution than cranking an automobile. With the switch off, Dave turned the propellor several times to fill the cylinders with gas, leaving it just ahead of the dead center

of one of the cylinders, and with one blade extending upwards. Then he was off on the home stretch.

It was plain sailing now. Town after town Dave passed and then he saw the aero course in the distance. He made straight for the grounds, for two machines were racing at their best only a mile distance in his wake. As the gasoline was consumed the monoplane increased its speed, and as the essence gave out, just before making the final landing dip, the machine must have been making over seventy miles an hour.

"Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!"

"Why, it's Dashaway!"

"Where's Worthington?"

Dave smiled in a happy way at old Grimshaw and Hiram, who were among the throng that crowded about the landed racer. He made a brief explanation and was borne in triumph to the King hangar by his delighted friends.

It took Dave an hour to satisfy the curious and excited Hiram with an explanation of his mysterious disappearance of the evening previous, and the story of his arriving at Clyde just in time to complete Worthington's broken trip.

This part of the story soon got about the grounds. It added a new lustre to the exploit of the hour. Worthington arrived in the camp an hour later, not much the worse for his accident.

"You've made it, lad!" cried old Grimshaw in delight. "You've got a record to go on now that older hands would give their ears for."

"I am glad," said Dave simply, and he was, indeed, very glad and very happy.

Only one feature marred the pleasure of the occasion. Mr. King was not at the hangars. Hiram explained that he and the automobile chauffeur had waited till midnight where Dave had left them at Genoa. Then, alarmed they had sped back to Dayton and had told Mr. King all they knew about the strange affair.

"Mr. King said he would fathom the mystery and find you, if he had to give up business for a week," explained Hiram.

"He's a grand friend," said Dave with emotion.

Dave, Hiram and Grimshaw had just finished supper when Mr. King appeared. He looked tired, but his cheery laugh rang out as he slapped his young protege heartily on the shoulder.

"In the name of wonder, what is this I hear about you, Dashaway?" he cried.

"What do you mean, Mr. King?" asked Dave.

"You won the race."

"Yes, sir," replied Dave modestly.

"Picked up Worthington at Clyde, when everything seemed off for the machine I backed."

Dave explained. He had an attractive listener.

When Dave had concluded, Mr. King remarked:

"I'll settle the outrageous claims of that annoying old guardian of yours in double quick time, Dashaway."

"Can it be done?" inquired Dave, anxiously.

"Trust me for that."

"I intend to."

"I've been pretty busy on your affairs, Dashaway," proceeded the airman. "From what Hiram here told me, I had a clew to start on. At the hotel at Genoa I found out about that boy thief you tried to catch. Finally the hotel clerk remembered a chum of his in the town. I located him, and ran on the fellow I was after. His name is Gregg."

"He made the hotel people think it was Dave Dashaway."

"There's a story to that."

"Please tell it, Mr. King."

"Why, the young scamp found some papers among the stuff he stole from you."

"Yes," nodded Dave, "some letters directed to my father at Brookville."

"They were from an old friend of your father, a man named Cyrus Dale."

"Why, yes," exclaimed Dave, "I know he once had a great friend by that name."

"Well, the letters, never answered, invited your father to bring you to see an old friend who

had become a wealthy man. He did not know that your father was dead when he wrote them. This young Gregg was smart enough to see a chance to work into the favor of Mr. Dale. He went to him and was at once accepted as Dave Dashaway. Mr. Dale practically adopted him, gave him all the money he could spend, and Gregg was in high clover till I nabbed him."

"He confessed all that, did he?" inquired Dave.

"He did. I made him sign a confession and tell where he had sold my watch and medal. I'm thinking you'll have a friendly and influential second father, when we tell Mr. Dale that you are the real Dave Dashaway."

"I couldn't have a better friend than you are, Mr. King," declared Dave, "if I searched for a thousand years."

"There's a new one come on the scene you may take quite a fancy to," replied Mr. King, with a mysterious smile.

"Who is that?" inquired Dave.

"You remember the people who sent the *Baby Racer* on here for a test?"

"Oh, yes—the Interstate Aeroplane people, you mean?" replied Dave.

"Well, I met their agent as I came in at the gate. He will be here shortly to see you."

"To see me?" questioned Dave.

"Yes."

"What about?"

"Why, after that fine work of yours with the *Baby Racer*, and your record to-day, he thinks you're the likely, lively, up-to-date aviator he wants to deal with. He is going to offer to make a contract with you to exhibit their new hydro-plane. Later they will put their hydro-aeroplane on the market."

"Good for Dashaway!" cried the irrepressible Hiram Dobbs. "Hurrah!"

"We can chorus that, all of us," declared the genial airman. "As a promising young aviator, Dave Dashaway is certainly a decided success."

So we leave Dave for the present, at the threshold of his first professional triumph. In our next volume, entitled "Dave Dashaway and His Hydroplane; Or, Daring Adventures Over the Great Lakes," his experience in a more brilliant field of aviation will be related.

"I'm going to be an aviator myself some day," said Hiram, on more than one occasion. "But, try my best, I won't ever be a better birdman than Dave Dashaway!"

THE END.

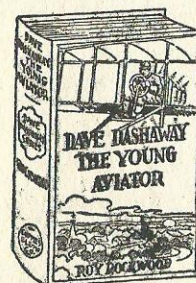
The Dave Dashaway Series

By Roy Rockwood

Author of the "Speedwell Boys Series" and the "Great Marvel Series."

12mo. Cloth. Illustrated. Price per volume, 40 cents, postpaid.

Never was there a more clever young aviator than Dave Dashaway, and all up-to-date lads will surely wish to make his acquaintance.



Dave Dashaway the Young Aviator

or In the Clouds for Fame and Fortune

This initial volume tells how the hero ran away from his miserly guardian, fell in with a successful airman, and became a young aviator of note.

Dave Dashaway and His Hydroplane

or Daring Adventures Over the Great Lakes

Showing how Dave continued his career as a birdman and had many adventures over the Great Lakes, and he likewise foiled the plans of some Canadian smugglers.

Dave Dashaway and His Giant Airship

or A Marvellous Trip Across the Atlantic

How the giant airship was constructed and how the daring young aviator and his friends made the hazard journey through the clouds from the new world to the old, is told in a way to hold the reader spellbound.

Dave Dashaway Around the World

or A Young Yankee Aviator Among Many Nations

An absorbing tale of a great air flight around the world, of hairbreath adventures in Alaska, Siberia and elsewhere. A true to life picture of what may be accomplished in the near future.

CUPPLES & LEON CO. Publishers NEW YORK

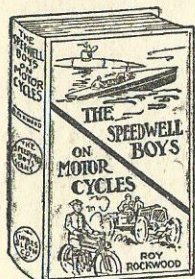
The Speedwell Boys Series

By Roy Rockwood

Author of "The Dave Dashaway Series," "Great Marvel Series," etc.

12mo. Cloth. Illustrated. Price per volume, 40 cents, postpaid

All boys who love to be on the go will welcome the Speedwell boys. They are clean cut and loyal to the core—youths well worth knowing.



The Speedwell Boys on Motor Cycles

or The Mystery of a Great Conflagration

The lads were poor, but they did a rich man a great service and he presented them with their motor cycles. What a great fire led to is exceedingly well told.

The Speedwell Boys and Their Racing Auto

or A Run for the Golden Cup

A tale of automobiling and of intense rivalry on the road. There was an endurance run and the boys entered the contest. On the run they rounded up some men who were wanted by the law.

The Speedwell Boys and Their Power Launch

or To the Rescue of the Castaways

Here is a water story of unusual interest. There was a wreck and the lads, in their power launch, set out to the rescue. A vivid picture of a great storm adds to the interest of the tale.

The Speedwell Boys in a Submarine

or The Lost Treasure of Rocky Cove

An old sailor knows of a treasure lost under water because of a cliff falling into the sea. The boys get a chance to go out in a submarine and they make a hunt for the treasure. Life under the water is well described.

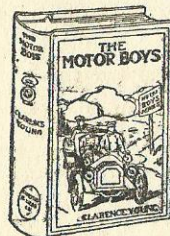
CUPPLES & LEON CO. Publishers NEW YORK

The Motor Boys Series

(Trade Mark, Reg. U. S. Pat. Of.)

By Clarence Young

Cloth. 12mo. Illustrated. Price per volume, 60 cents postpaid.



The Motor Boys

or Chums Through Thick and Thin

The Motor Boys Overland

or A Long Trip for Fun and Fortune

The Motor Boys in Mexico

or The Secret of The Buried City

The Motor Boys Across the Plains

or The Hermit of Lost Lake

The Motor Boys Afloat

or The Stirring Cruise of the Dartaway

The Motor Boys on the Atlantic

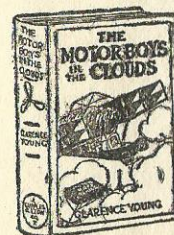
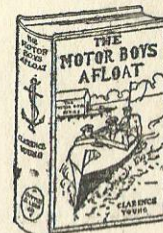
or The Mystery of the Lighthouse

The Motor Boys in Strange Waters

or Lost in a Floating Forest

The Motor Boys on the Pacific

or The Young Derelict Hunters



The Motor Boys in the Clouds

or A Trip for Fame and Fortune

The Motor Boys over the Rockies

or A Mystery of the Air

The Motor Boys Over the Ocean

or A Marvellous Rescue in Mid-Air

The Motor Boys on the Wing

or Seeking the Airship Treasure

The Motor Boys After a Fortune

or The Hut on Snake Island

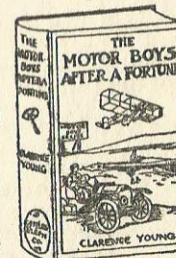
The Motor Boys on the Border

or Sixty Nuggets of Gold

The Motor Boys Under the Sea

(new)

or From Airship to Submarine

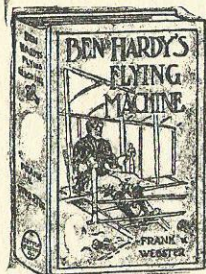


CUPPLES & LEON CO., Publishers

NEW YORK

The Webster Series

By Frank V. Webster



Mr. WEBSTER'S style is very much like that of the boys' favorite author, the late lamented Horatio Alger Jr., but his tales are thoroughly up-to-date. The stories are as clean as they are clever, and will prove of absorbing interest to boys everywhere.

Cloth. 12mo. Over 200 pages each. Illustrated. Stamped in various colors. Price per volume, 40 cents, postpaid.

Only A Farm Boy
or Dan Hardy's Rise in Life

Tom The Telephone Boy **Bob The Castaway**
or The Mystery of a Message or The Wreck of the Eagle

The Boy From The Ranch **The Newsboy Partners**
or Roy Bradner's City Experiences or Who Was Dick Box?

The Young Treasure Hunter **Two Boy Gold Miners**
or Fred Stanley's Trip to Alaska or Lost in the Mountains

The Young Firemen of Lakeville
or Herbert Dare's Pluck

The Boy Pilot of the Lakes
or Nat Morton's Perils

The Boys of Bellwood School
or Frank Jordan's Triumph

Jack The Runaway **The High School Rivals**
or On the Road with a Circus or Fred Markham's Struggles

Bob Chester's Grit **Darry The Life Saver**
or From Ranch to Riches or The Heroes of the Coast

Airship Andy **Dick The Bank Boy**
or The Luck of a Brave Boy or A Missing Fortune

Ben Hardy's Flying Machine
or Making a Record for Himself

Harry Watson's High School Days
or The Rivals of Rivertown

Comrades of the Saddle **The Boys of the Wireless**
or The Young Rough Riders or a Stirring Rescue from the Deep
of the Plains

CUPPLES & LEON CO., Publishers,

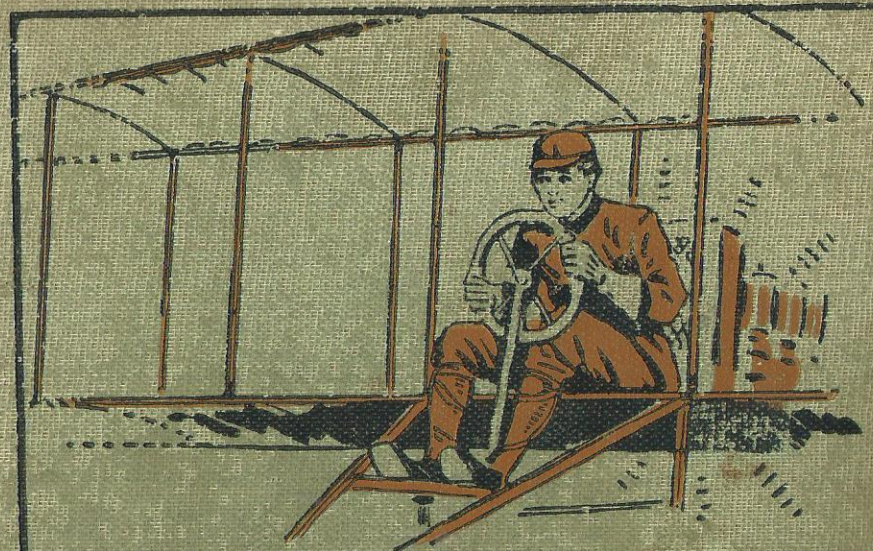
NEW YORK

DAVE
DASHAWAY
THE
YOUNG
AVIATOR

DAVE
DASHAWAY
SERIES

ROCKWOOD

STAPLES
& SONS
CO.



DAVE DASHAWAY THE YOUNG AVIATOR



ROY ROCKWOOD